

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

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"There are more men ennobled by reading, than by nature."

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Sappho's Apple.

[This poem, written just before his illness, is the last contribution we have received from Maurice Thompson's pen. We are pleased that it illustrates his love, not for nature alone, but for the eternal youth of Greek genius.—Editor New York Independent.]

A dreamy languor lapsed along,
And stirred the dusky-bannered boughs;
With half a sigh and half a song
The crowning tree did nod and drowse,
While far aloft bluish-tinted hung
One perfect apple maiden-sweet,
At which the gatherers vainly flung,
And could not get to hand or ent.

"Reddest and best" they growled and went
Slowly away, each with his load
Fragrant upon his shoulders bent,
The hill-flowers darkening where they
trode;
"Reddest and best; but not for us;
Some loathing will see it fall;
The laborer's prize—'twas ever thus—
Is his who never works at all!"

Soon came a vagrant, loitering,
His young face browned by wind and
sun;
Weary, yet blithe and prone to sing,
Trampling his way to Avalon,
Even I it was, who, long athirst
And hungry, saw the apple shine;
Then wondrous wild sweet singing burst
Flame-like across these lips of mine.

O ruby-flushed and flaring gold,
Thou splendid lone one left for me,
Apple of love to rich and hold,
Fruit-glory of a kingly tree;
Drop, drop into my open hand,
That I may hide thee in my breast
And bear thee far o'er sea and land,
A captive, to the purple West.

MISJUDGED.

Solomon Jessel kept "the shop" at Little Ashby—at least, the name above the many paned windows was "Solomon Jessel," but gossips would tell you Selina Jessel kept the shop and Solomon did the talking.

Selina did not complain; why should she? Solomon was long and limp and not much inclined to work when she married him twenty years since and every one knows limpness and laziness is not cured by time.

Selina was a little woman, brisk and capable, with energy for both. Her temper might be raspy now and then, when business was dull and bad debts plentiful; then Solomon's long form and shiftless ways seemed more conspicuous, and he, realizing his uselessness, would further complicate matters by "tidying" the shop—a form of service in which he meant well, but failed to gain the appreciation his efforts deserved.

But there was one hour in the week when Selina Jessel abdicated in favor of her husband, and Solomon reigned supreme. This was before closing time on Saturday nights. Selina did not relinquish the reins of government until after the last village matron had made her weekly purchases, and departed homeward; then were husbands and fathers who had been "minding house" free to wend their way to "Jessel's" in search of tobacco and any news their wives might have missed.

This was Solomon's chance; he could serve tobacco even better than his wife, and he was as good as a weekly paper for news. Many a tit-bit of village gossip he carefully hoarded up for the entertainment of his customers on Saturday nights.

Solomon did not dispense his news recklessly—if only Bob Hortop and Phil Stacey dropped in he had not much to say, but if the circle was completed by old Billy Tresise, Joe Fairweather, Thomas Peters and Mr. Gosworthy, the schoolmaster, Solomon's tongue was loosed, and for one short hour he had found his vocation.

On a certain Saturday night just before Christmas, there was a bigger audience than usual at "Jessel's" for was not Joe Fairweather's brother Dick home from the war? And even Solomon's choicest times, of intelligence fell flat when Dick was present to recount some of his experiences with the "Devons" in South Africa.

"'Tis uncommon gold," grumbled a newcomer, a gaunt old man with a sour, wrinkled face.

"Come in and shut the door, 'tis warm enough inside," said Solomon, hospitably.

"I reckon Humphrey Deacon," said old Billy Tresise, "if you'd bin where Dick's bin, you wouldn't grumble about this 'ere byofiful saysonable weather or anythin' else."

"He's had it warm enough, anyway," grunted Humphrey, doggedly buttoning his coat closer round him.

"Ay, we had it warm enough, as you say, too warm for some of the poor chaps," answered Dick, soberly, "what with the sun like a furnace, an' shot falling thick as hail—red hot hail, too."

"I think I'll go an' have a chat with the missus, if she aint too busy," said Humphrey, a suggestion to which Solomon cordially assented.

"Seems as if he'd never get over it," said Thomas Peters, the shoe-maker, with a jerk of his thumb toward the door through which Humphrey had disappeared.

"Over what? Oh, 'cut and run Deacon,' do'ee mean?" said Bob Hortop with a grin.

"Hush, Bob, he'll hear you," said the schoolmaster reprovingly, and Bob took the correction meekly, for he hadn't left school long.

"What is the story?" asked Joe.

"I never rightly 'eard it," said Solomon Jessel, Billy Tresise and Thomas Peters opened their mouths to answer Joe's enquiry, and shut them again to give place to the schoolmaster, who told it in a few words.

"Humphrey wasn't the cross-grained man he is now when he had a son to be proud of," he said; "perhaps he set his heart too much on him; he was a fine young fellow when he joined the army, and looked fit to face anything; but 'tis no use to judge by appearance, for in his first fight the boy showed the white feather—ran, they say—and was driven back again by the sergeant. They christened him 'cut-and-run Deacon' after that, and made it so hot for him his life was a burden. He served his time, I believe, but there was no more fighting, and he had no other chance. As you know, Humphrey Deacon was a soldier once, a brave one too, I've heard, and when the miserable tale came to the village, Humphrey swore he'd never look at his son again—that is all, but I remember him a genial, happy-hearted man, and now—"

"What a jolly coward the fellow must 'a been," Bob broke out, "no wonder—"

"Don't be hard on him, Bob," said Dick, "you must face the bullets for the first time to find out what you're made of. I didn't run, an' I did my best as far as I could see 'twasn't the loudest talkin' men in camp that were bravest when the shells were burstin'—the bravest man I ever met we used to call 'Quiet Jim. He'd been a soldier, and joined again as a volunteer, when the war broke out—name o' Smith; there's lots o' Smiths in the army—'twas in one of our hottest fights; we had orders to storm a hill, just like one o' the Dartmoor tors, only bigger; well, we got nearly to the top, and then we were met by a storm of bullets that told us it was time to stop—nothin' livin' could 'a stood against it. We were willin' enough. One young fellow sprang ahead, and fell riddled with shot. We looked out for every bit of cover we could find, and lay as still as possible—an' that's harder work an' more tryin' than fighting. If we showed as much as a hand it was shot through, and to rise meant death."

"As we lay down the sun baked us, an' the ants swarmed over us till we were nearly mazed. The word went round, 'The guns were comin' up.' Could we hold out? Yes, if we had water. The thirst was awful, and our water-bottles were empty. There was plenty o' water at the foot o' the hill, but who could fetch it? Quiet Jim. He crawled out o' the ranks and down the kopje—sometimes hidin', sometimes runnin' like the wind. We thought 'twas all up with 'im, for when the Boers saw one of us was movin' they shot for all they were worth, till the hill seemed on fire. I gave him up then, and I think I must 'a dozed off, for I woke from a sort o' dream o' bein' a kid again, and paddlin' in the stream for minnies—to find 'Quiet Jim' fast on his stomach by my side, holding a water-bottle to my mouth. Yes, Jim had brought back as many water-bottles as he could manage, but he was a sight to see; 'only scratches' he said they were, when we crouched behind the biggest stone and bound him up a bit. Well, after that we were lying side by side, Jim an' me, listenin', when Jim whispered to me to look at the poor boy that I told you rushed

ahead of us in the mornin'. We all thought he was dead, but Jim had been watchin' him, an' noticed him move his hand and then his head a little—so had the Boers, an' a shot or two nearly struck him as he lay.

"Jim's face flushed, an' his eyes got steadylike. 'He was such a bright young chap,' he said, an' he pushes a packet into my hand. 'Take care of it,' he says, an' away he slipped right across the line o' fire. How he did it I do not know—he got to the wounded lad, an' pulled, an' dragged, an' carried him back to our lines. But just as he reached us he fell in a heap with a bullet clean through his lungs, an' never heard the cheer we gave when our big guns opened fire, an' our waitin' time was over; you may fancy we thought o' 'Quiet Jim' when the bugle sounded for the charge."

All were interested in the story, and they crowded around to look at the photographs Dick took from his pocket. One was a boyish soldier, with a gentle but irresolute face; the other the same soldier grown manlier, and with a look of quiet power in his steady eyes and firm mouth.

"'Tis written on 'em 'For father, whoever he may be, but I don't s'pose he'd mind your seein' 'em," said Dick, who handed them in turn to Bob Hortop and Phil Stacey, while the older men carefully adjust their spectacles.

"He was a plucky one, anyhow," said Phil.

"Why, 'tis like this 'ere, in my opinion," cried Bob the reckless, "once a coward always a coward!"

"A food's lie, I tell 'ee, screamed a voice shrill with passion, as a tong, thin-hand snatched the portraits from Phil's hand; "'tis my son—my Jim—the bravest of them all—dead!" And old Humphrey Deacon sank into a chair, motionless and half-unconscious.

"Humphrey, my dear old friend," said the schoolmaster, soothingly. "You know, Humphrey, it's that we must all come to," philosophically murmured Billy Tresise, who did a little in the undertaking way.

"He died a hero instead of livin' a—" began Thomas Peters, but thought better of it.

"Jim was an uncommon good-hearted boy," said Solomon, with inspiration; but Bob and Phil and Joe said nothing for they had lumps in their throats, and couldn't.

"Oh, Mrs. Jessel, will 'ee please make 'em to once understand? I can't—they're all talkin' to once an' won't listen," said Dick, desperately; whereupon, after hearing his hurried explanation, Selina swooped down on the mournful assembly. With a wave of her hand she commanded attention, a glance disposed of Solomon, Thomas Peter retreated to the doorway, Billy Tresise to his usual perch on the grain barrel; as for the youngsters, no one noticed them.

"Why, Master Deacon, cheer up. There, let me lift yer head, you is so hasty, like all the men—'cept Solomon—you didn't hear half, too. 'Tis grand to hear Jim was so brave an' good, but that would be ter'ble sorrowful if you never to see him again—in this world. 'Shot through the lungs,' was in the casualty list, an' five other wounds as well, Dick says, but doctors are clever now-a-days. Bless yer heart they can patch a man up when he's all to pieces like, an' turn him out as well as evermost—there, now you're better, an' you can understand what I'm sayin'. Jim isn't dead—he was able to walk aboard the transport—he's got the V. C. I! Now, Solomon, stir round and put up the shutters, an' p'raps our friends 'll come in an' have a bit o' supper with us—an' Dick 'll tell us somethin' more about 'Quiet Jim'."—*London Sunday School Times.*

SERVICES FOR DEAF-MUTES.

St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes, 148th Street, West of Amsterdam Avenue, New York, at 4 P.M.

Services in St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes will be held every Sunday during July and August at 4 P.M.

ANNOUNCEMENT

OF THE TRI-ENNIAL CONVENTION
OF THE IOWA ASSOCIATION FOR
THE ADVANCEMENT OF THE DEAF.

The meetings will be held in the High School Building, 15th and Locust Street, Dubuque, Iowa, on August 28th, 29th and 30th, 1901.

PROGRAM.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 29TH, 10 A.M.

1. Convention called to order and opened by prayer at 10 A.M.
2. Address by Mayor C. H. Berg.
3. Response by Matt. McCook.
4. Address by Hon. Henry W. Rothert.
5. Announcements.
6. Reports of Officers and Committees.
7. Appointments of Committees.
8. Miscellaneous Business.

AFTERNOON SESSION, 1:30 P.M.

1. Prayer.
2. Reading of the Minutes.
3. Report of Committee on Enrollment.
4. Unfinished Business.
5. President's Address.
6. Paper—Technical Training and the Industrial Status of the Deaf of Iowa—Elliott S. Waring, of Grinnell, Iowa.
7. Paper—Business Opportunities for the Deaf—Matt. McCook, of Dubuque.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 29TH, 9 A.M.

1. Prayer.
2. Reading of the Minutes.
3. Unfinished Business.
4. Paper—Our Duty—Waldo Rothert, of Omaha, Neb.
5. Paper—A Century of Benefits—F. Gueffroy, of Madison, S. D.
6. Paper—Evangelical Work among the Deaf—Rev. J. J. Middleton of Atkins, Iowa.

AFTERNOON SESSION, 1:30 P.M.

1. Prayer.
2. Reading of the Minutes.
3. Unfinished Business.
4. Paper—(Subject to be announced)—Paul Lange, of Evansville, Ind.
5. Report of Committee on Necrology.
6. Report of Special Committees.
7. Report of Committee on Resolutions.
8. Election of Officers.
9. Selection of the next Place of Meeting.

Adjournment *sine die.*

NOTE—Opportunity for discussion will be given after each paper. It is suggested that papers be not longer than 20 minutes in delivery and the discussion be limited to 15 minutes.

RAILROAD RATES.

The Western Passenger Association has granted a rate of one and third fare for the round trip if the certificates are secured. These attending should note carefully the following instructions:

1. When you buy your ticket to Dubuque, pay full fare.
2. Show this to the agent and tell him to give you a certificate or receipt.
3. If you change cars, and buy a new ticket, get a new certificate.

DUBUQUE.

Dubuque is a growing and prosperous city of 40,000 inhabitants, on the picturesque shores of the Mississippi River. From the 11th Street elevator three States can be seen. It is an ideal place to hold a convention, and there is every opportunity afforded to enjoy oneself if the arrangements of the local committee fail to satisfy.

HOTEL RATES.

The headquarters of the Convention will be the "New Wales," Eighth and Bluff Streets. The rates are \$2 per day for single rooms, or \$1.75 per day each for two persons in one room. There are other hotels charging \$1 to \$1.50 per day. The Local Committee will direct any one to these places. Board in private families may be secured through the Local Committee. If you expect to attend the Convention, notify Matt. McCook, 6th and Iowa Streets, Chairman of the Local Committee. If you wish it, he will secure a room for you in advance.

Cook, 6th and Iowa Streets, Chairman of the Local Committee. If you wish it, he will secure a room for you in advance.

SOCIAL FEATURES.

On Wednesday evening a reception will be tendered the visiting delegates by the deaf of Dubuque in the parlors of the "New Wales."

On Thursday evening a banquet will be given at the same place. Friday will be devoted to an outing. The Local Committee is now arranging for a boat ride up the Mississippi River for thirty or forty mimes. Lunch will be prepared by a leading local caterer and taken along. The boat will stop for lunch at Ainsworth Springs, the most popular picnic resort in this vicinity. After lunch, the boat will proceed up the river, and returning reach Dubuque at 8 or 9 P.M. This is a grand ride, taking in some of the grandest scenery on the whole river.

RELIGIOUS SERVICES.

The Rev. Mr. Cloud, of St. Louis, Mo., and Rev. J. J. Middleton, of Atkins, Iowa, will be at the Convention and hold services for the deaf as may be announced later. Services will be held Tuesday evening, at 7:45 P.M., at St. John's Church, by the Rev. Mr. Cloud. All are invited.

PRIZE.

A prize is offered by the association for the largest delegation from one city (except Dubuque). The money will be divided equally among the delegates, who must be members of the convention in order to be counted.

For further information, address the President, Secretary or Chairman of the Local Committee.

The Secretary or Chairman of the Local Committee will be at the New Wales on Tuesday evening and Wednesday morning to receive applications for admission.

Section I of Article II of the Constitution reads: "Any graduate or former pupil of good standing, of the Iowa School for the Deaf, and any deaf resident of the State of Iowa, of good character, shall be entitled to membership upon the payment of the required fee."

The Local Committee will meet all incoming trains Tuesday night and Wednesday and direct members to the place they wish to go. The members of the committee will be on hand at all times to assist them and make their visit pleasant. Deaf residents of neighboring States and all friends of the Deaf are invited to be present.

J. SCHUYLER LONG, President,
Council Bluffs, Iowa.

LILLA E. MCGOWAN, Secretary,
Ocheyedan, Iowa.

MATT. MCCOOK, Chairman,
6th and Iowa Sts., Dubuque, Ia.

House of Too Much Trouble.

In the House of Too Much Trouble
Lived a lonely little boy;
He was eager for a playmate—
He was hungry for a toy.
But 'twas always too much bother,
Too much dirt and too much noise,
For the House of Too Much Trouble
Wasn't meant for little boys.

And sometimes the little fellow
Left a book upon the floor,
Or forgot and laughed too loudly,
Or he failed to close the door.
In the House of Too Much Trouble
Things must be precise and trim—
In the House of Too Much Trouble
There was little room for him.

He must never scatter playthings,
He must never romp or play;
Every room must be in order,
And kept quiet all the day.
He had never had companions,
He had never owned a pet—
In the House of Too Much Trouble
It is trim and quiet yet.

Every room is set in order—
Every book is in its place,
And the lonely little fellow
Wears a smile upon his face.
In the House of Too Much Trouble
He is silent and at rest—
In the House of Too Much Trouble,
With a lily on his breast.

Whenever you find anything high or fine or true in human nature and human life, there you are reading a word, a sentence, a chapter of the relation of the divine.—*Minot J. Savage.*

Vacation Pleasantries.

Wonderful news comes from Troy that Smith and wife were on the way to Chicago, giving the Pan American the go-by en route. All the time, except a few days up the State, Smith was keeping bachelor's hall on the Heights in the vicinity of the JOURNAL office, and acting as sole purveyor and cook of his own sustenance, while Smith's wife remained up the State, where she still is, to imbibe milk pure as it comes from the cows, with fresh garden sass and such, et cetera. By the way, fruits and vegetables are awful high in the city this season, and it costs twice as much money to buy many of 'em.

Washington Heights, far up between the Hudson and Harlem Rivers, is a breezy place, and its Midway, on the bluffs around Fort George, has its attractions for downtown people, who flock up there on the electric cars to enjoy the pure air, and patronize the Ferris Wheel, the carousals, the soft drink, peanut and popcorn, and take your picture fakirs, as well as the beer gardens, and to enjoy the horse trots on the Speedway down below. The Heights, too, is a splendid place to keep nanny goats, plenty of grass and free pasturage, with but few goats. A certain humorous Institution professor is spending his vacation at his own home, which has a capacious back yard adjoining a grassy common. If he would utilize his surroundings he could stable a nanny in the back yard, and by cutting a small gateway in the fence he could let his milch goat in and out to grass and have plenty of the pure lactea from which the best Swiss cheese is made.

We all admire the contributions to the JOURNAL of "Smith" and "Pat." Their letters are entertaining, full of humor and originality of thought and expression. "Pat," of course, is a pseudonym to cover her identity. "Smith" may be a Smith, or a Brown, or a Jones, or a MacTavish. They seem to have enjoyed themselves immensely at the Pan American, known or unknown to each other under their rightful cognomens, judging from their write-up about it. But on the tender passion there seems to be a wide divergence between them. "Smith" declares for celibacy, while "Pat" breaks ground for double blessedness.

Both are right and both are wrong, according to scripture, and there you are. The preponderance of evidence pro and con, scriptural and otherwise, is on the side of "Pat." We are told "it is not good for man to be alone," and when a man doubles he relieves one of the other sex of her loneliness.

Our original ancestors before the flood were hard put for life companionships. Adam's only choice was what had been his own rib. His descendants had to marry their own sisters, and eventually their own cousins. It was the same for a while after Noah. There was no Volta Bureau then, and no controversy on a "Deaf Variety of the Human Race."

St. Paul, a confirmed celibate, blows both hot and cold for and against matrimony. See what he says in the 7th Chapter of I Corinthians, particularly verses 1, 8, and 9, and further on. Birds, beasts and all animate things mate because that is nature. It was so provided when they entered the Ark two and two to preserve the species. If "Smith" sticks to his resolution to go against nature, we think he will miss the greatest happiness there is in the vale of tears, for a good, true wife, is God's greatest gift to man. There are exceptions, however, of ill-mated pairs, who should never have come together. There are brutes who kick their wives in the ribs, or maul them with their fists. There are wives of masculine proclivities, who figuratively put on the trousers and want to rule the roost. Such things are not conducive to conjugal felicity. The husband should be the head of his family, for he is the provider, unless he is a do-nothing living on the wealth of his wife. The wife, within her sphere, is the head of her household, and mutual concessions on both sides are all that is necessary to keep things running as smooth as the

slide pieces of a steam engine. The wife should defer to her husband in what is reasonable, but without servility. At best marriage is a lottery with both prizes and blanks. It is full of storms, squalls and calms to some, and it is full of sweetness, happiness, felicity, rapturous kisses, love pats and passages to others. You can't tell until you have tried it. If both parties are rightly mated, kind, reasonable and conciliatory to each other, neither will want to go back to single cussedness.

There is a little ditty which is partly true as gospel, and partly an atrocious libel on the gentle sex. They will please pardon me if I give it as a part of my vacation facetiae:

God bless our wives,
They fill our lives,
With little bees and honey;
They ease life's shocks,
And mend our socks,
But don't they spend the money.

When we are sick,
They heal us quick—
That is, if they love us—
If not, we die,
And yet they cry,
With just one eye,
And wink the other, on the sly,
At some young man above us.

Courting a girl with soft sweet nothings is easy enough. It is the popping of the question and getting papa's consent that makes a young man nervous, for:

"'Tis sweet to court, but oh! how bitter
To court a girl and then—not get her."

It is on record that the late Artemus Ward courted his girl sitting on a rail fence, and Artemus in popping, was so frustrated that he fell over backward into the cow pasture. But the deed was done, and the girl caught him up with a "Yes! you fool!" and they went before the parson, were married, and she went home with him that same night.

It lacks about five years of the golden period since Betsy Jane and I entered into the marital state. Therefore, I speak from seasoned experience, and while I have felt the broomstick and had my hair pulled at times, such little tiffs were only temporary and soon passed off into the usual conjugal serenity. There are any number of maidens, widows, and old maids pining in loneliness, and if I was "Smith" I would offer myself a vicarious sacrifice to some one of them. Even if I was free it would be a question if any of 'em would accept such a veteran as

THE OTHER SMITH.

DEAF-MUTES' ATHLETIC CLUB PICNIC AND GAMES.

NOTICE TO COMPETITORS AND THE ROUTE TO GRAND STREET PARK.

Competitors must be at the park before 2:30 P.M. The games will begin promptly at 2:30 P.M. The park will be open at 1 o'clock.

HOW TO REACH THE PARK.

From 23d Street, Manhattan, take ferry to Broadway, Brooklyn. Take Grand Street car to the Park, or take the Broadway "L" and transfer to Myrtle Avenue "L" (Ridgewood Division) and transfer to surface cars, Flushing or North Beach cars only.

All North Beach cars from Ridgewood, and the Ferry run direct to the park. Ask the conductor to put you off at Grand Street Park.

From Brooklyn Bridge, (Park Row) take Flushing car, (Maspeth Division) direct to the Park.

Or Brooklyn Elevated, (Myrtle Avenue Division) to Ridgewood and transfer to the surface cars below, same cars as above.

Or take Myrtle Avenue trolley cars direct to Ridgewood and transfer to Flushing Avenue or North Beach cars.

DO NOT TAKE the Lutheran Cemetery and Richmond Hill cars. Take Flushing or North Beach cars only.

From Grand Street, New York, take ferry (Grand and Roosevelt Street ferry) to Broadway, and take Grand Street cars.

Look not mournfully into the past. It comes not back again. Wisely improve the present. It is thine. Go forth to meet the shadowy future without fear and with a manly heart.—*Longfellow.*

NEW YORK, AUGUST 22, 1901.

E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published at 103d Street and Broadway) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

TERMS.

One copy, one year, \$1.00
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CONTRIBUTIONS.

All contributions must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Correspondents are alone responsible for views and opinions expressed in their communications.

Contributions, subscriptions and Business Letters to be sent to the
DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL,
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Notices concerning the whereabouts of individuals will be charged for at the rate of ten cents a line.

"He's true to God who's true to man;
Wherever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest
Neath the all-beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us,
And they are slaves most base,
Whose love of right is for themselves,
And not for all the race."

A WRITER wants the JOURNAL editor to decide which of the manual alphabets—the one-hand or two-hand—was first used. Ordinarily, such a question would require a vast amount of research in order to come to any conclusion that would be received with confidence. Fortunately educators of the deaf have studied the subject. First of all by the editor of the *American Annals of the Deaf*, in 1853, and a few years ago, by Dr. Joseph C. Gordon, now Principal of the Illinois Institution, but at the time he issued his work on manual spelling a Professor in Gallaudet College, Washington, D. C. Following is the accepted conclusion on the origin of Dactylography:—

"The origin of the ancient art of dactylography is not known, but evidences of its existence have been traced to the Assyrian antiquities down to the fifteenth century upon monuments of art. The Venerable Bede, the wise Saxon, described finger-spelling more than a thousand years ago, and three manual alphabets are figured in an edition of his work printed in 1552. These are based upon the finger-signs for numbers which were used by the ancient Egyptians, Greeks, and Romans.

Monks, under rigid vows of silence, and other scholars who had special reasons to prize secret and silent modes of communication, beyond doubt invented and used many forms of manual alphabets. Roscellius, a Florentine monk, figured no less than three one-hand alphabets in 1579. Two-hand alphabets or mixed alphabets of various forms, were in use among the school-boys in Spain, France, and England centuries ago, and in some form such alphabets survive with the "child-lore" and the games inherited in turn by successive generations of children throughout Christendom.

"The first finger alphabet adopted in teaching spoken and written language to the deaf was the Spanish one-hand alphabet, which contains certain forms found in the Florentine plates of 1579. The happy thought of this adaptation is attributed to the pious and learned monk, Pedro Ponce de Leon (1520-1584). This alphabet, beautifully engraved, appears in the famous work of Juan Pablo Bonet, secretary to the Constable of Castile, which was published a century after the birth of Ponce, or in 1620. This work, borrowed largely from Ponce, no doubt, is the oldest practical treatise extant upon the art of teaching the deaf-born to speak and use the common language of life.

"The Spanish alphabet, somewhat modified, was introduced into France by the brilliant Poreire and his gifted deaf pupil, Saboureux de Fontenay, where it speedily supplanted the clumsy alphabets employed in teaching the deaf by the Abbe de l'Epee and the Abbe Deschamps. The same alphabet, with a few slight changes, was adopted by Dr. T. H. Gallaudet in the school for children opened at Hartford in 1817, and it is now known in almost every hamlet in the land. Finger-spelling is to the deaf a borrowed art. It was originated neither by them nor by their teachers, yet its value to the deaf can hardly be overestimated. To the deaf-born the mastery of common language is an extremely difficult task. Intelligible speech in certain cases is well nigh impossible. Writing is slow, wearisome, lifeless, and often impracticable. Finger-spelling, which may have the rapidity of deliberate speech, and three times that of writing, permits dramatic action, emphasis, accuracy, and easy repetition, thus keeping the senses alert and vividly impressing the forms of words and sentences upon the mind. It compels practice in our language and encourages and stimulates the child in his efforts to master it."

PHILADELPHIA.

Pennsylvania Society Managers Meet.

BRANCH SOCIETIES.

Money for the Home Fund.

News Items for this column should be sent to James S. Reider, 1338 Dover Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

The Board of Managers of the Pennsylvania Society for the Advancement of the Deaf held a meeting in the office of the Superintendent of the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, Mt. Airy, Philadelphia, on Saturday evening, July 27th, 1901.

The President, Mr. B. R. Allabough, occupied the chair, and the following managers were present: Messrs. R. M. Ziegler, D. Paul, Jr., R. E. Underwood and J. S. Reider. Treasurer J. S. Reider was appointed Secretary pro tem.

President Allabough gave an account of his recent tour through the State in the interest of the Society, made voluntarily and at his own expense, and which resulted in ten local branches being established, as follows:—

JOHNSTOWN, June 22, 1901.—Roland M. Barker, *Chairman*; Wm. F. Brazil, *Secretary*; Josiah Mishler, *Treasurer*.

ALTOONA, June 25, 1901.—Charles Chatham, *Chairman*; George Chatham, *Secretary*; Jacob Otto, *Treasurer*.

BEAVER VALLEY, June 28, 1901.—Howard Judd, *Chairman*; Frank E. L. Duggan, *Secretary*; David C. Smith, *Treasurer*.

ERIE, July 1, 1901.—James Conway, *Chairman*; Emil D. Straus, *Secretary*; Ovid Cohen, *Treasurer*.

HARRISBURG, July 8, 1901.—Henry W. Hagy, *Chairman*; John Blottenberger, *Secretary*; Mrs. David Devlin, *Treasurer*.

YORK, July 9, 1901.—Michael D. Barnitz, *Chairman*; Wm. S. Hain, *Secretary*; Camilla A. Barnitz, *Treasurer*.

LEBANON, July 12, 1901.—F. W. Lobse, *Chairman*; Charles Buchter, *Secretary*; Walter Tobias, *Treasurer*.

READING, July 13, 1901.—John Kershner, *Chairman*; Emma Kershner, *Secretary*; Wm. H. Eakins, *Treasurer*.

ALLENTOWN, July 15, 1901.—Oliver N. Krause, *Chairman*; Geddes Lessig, *Secretary*; Wm. Fernekees, *Treasurer*.

SCRANTON, July 16, 1901.—John McDonough, *Chairman*; Charles Clarke, *Secretary*; Moses N. Garbet, *Treasurer*.

On motion of Mr. Ziegler, a vote of congratulation and thanks was tendered the president on the success of his tour and the good work he accomplished.

After reviewing the history of the York resolutions concerning the site of the proposed home and the amendment of the charter of the society, and further explaining how it had since become apparent that a modification of certain terms of the resolutions was necessary, R. M. Ziegler offered the following, which were seconded by Mr. Paul and adopted by the Board.

WHEREAS, The resolutions adopted at York, in 1869, as to the effect that the Trustees of the Society are requested to purchase a site first and then to apply for a Charter or an amendment to the Charter of the Society, as the case may be, and finally to advertise the Home and build it. The number of Trustees shall be increased to nine upon the incorporation of the Home. The six other Trustees are to be appointed by the Board of Managers. And the business of the Home shall be transacted in the City and County in which the Home is to be located; and

WHEREAS, Under the laws of the State, a required number of Trustees and their names are to be given in a Charter to be applied for; therefore,

Resolved, That the Trustees of the Society be authorized to apply for a Charter first, if necessary, and when they are about to do so, they may notify the Board of Managers of the fact, and then the Board of Managers may appoint six other Trustees to make up nine other Trustees, including the present Trustees of the Society, whose names shall be mentioned in the Charter to be secured by the present Trustees of the Society.

Resolved, That the words "City and" be struck out in the resolutions adopted at York in 1869, so as to read "The business of the Home shall be transacted in the County in which the Home is to be located."

Mr. Reider offered this resolution: Resolved, That the Board recommends to the Board of Trustees to designate December 26th, the birthday of Laurent Clerc, as the Annual Donation Day for the Home.

Seconded by Mr. Paul.

On motion of Mr. Ziegler, seconded by Mr. Underwood, the resolution was tabled for future consideration.

Adjournment.

JAMES S. REIDER,
Secretary pro tem.

And now Johnston! The Johnstown Local Branch, we mean. It was established scarcely two months ago, and what could it do in so short a time? We'll tell you. On August 16th, Treasurer

Reider received a round one hundred dollars from this branch for the Home Fund. The society treasurer turned it over to the Home treasurer without delay, as witness the following:

Mt. Airy, Philadelphia,
August 17, 1901.

Received from James S. Reider the sum of One Hundred Dollars (\$100), the same being the contribution to the Home Fund of the P. S. A. D., of the Johnstown Local Branch.
[Signed] FRANK W. BOOTH,
Treasurer of the Home Fund,
P. S. A. D.

We cannot pass this matter without complimenting, as we most heartily do, the few deaf who so speedily sent in this nice big sum. Their names and the amounts each collected are as follows:—

Wm. V. James.....	\$20 00
W. H. Seibert.....	24 50
H. McHugh.....	50 00
R. M. Barker.....	30 00
Josiah Mishler.....	5 50

They have certainly done creditably. Their work shows what a small number of workers can do. Other branches will do well to imitate the Johnstown Branch in sending their collections to the society treasurer without delay, for the money will so be placed so as to draw interest.

We understand that we shall hear from Johnstown again.

A committee of the Clerc Literary Association, consisting of Messrs. Thos. E. Jones, W. H. Lipsett, Wm. F. Durian, H. G. Gunkel and Ira Poorman, has arranged to hold a picnic at Maple Grove, on September 28th.

Miss Belle Lunsford, a teacher of Danville, Ky., spent a few days visiting in the city, the past week.

Miss Laura V. Frederick, of Washington D. C., was the guest of Mrs. J. S. Reider for one day last week. Miss Frederick accompanied Miss Lunsford to Kentucky for a short stay.

It is openly talked about that Miss Effie Foster, of Holmesburg, will be married to Mr. Julius C. Brenneisen on the 21st of August.

August 25th being Ephphatha Sunday, Holy Communion will be celebrated at All Souls' Church for the Deaf.

Mr. and Mrs. James C. Stubbs, (former Philadelphia) of Maryland, are visiting here for a couple of weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Otto Koenig and family have returned from Europe, according to report.

Ziegler Brothers, shoe manufacturers of this city, employ six deaf-mutes now. They are Messrs. John D. Ziegler, Daniel Paul, Jr., Thomas Breen, Ira Poorman, Henry R. Smith and Harry Staley.

Mrs. E. E. Roop and son, and Mrs. C. H. Sharrar, are spending some time at Ocean City, N. J.

The Deaf-Mutes Baseball Team was defeated at Bridgeton, N. J., on Saturday afternoon last, by the score of 13 to 2. On next Saturday afternoon (24th of August) the deaf team will contest for the supremacy of the diamond with the Waverly Club, of Frankford, on the hill opposite Cedar Cemetery.

Richard J. King is again identified with the printing house of John R. McFetridge & Sons as a compositor. He formerly did piece-work there, but now has a steady position.

Mr. and Mrs. D. Paul, Jr., Mrs. J. S. Reider, and Mr. Wm. McKinney were entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Partington, of Chester, last Saturday afternoon and evening.

Miss Emma Shields, who had been camping with friends near Chesapeake Bay for six weeks, has returned leaving her friends behind. She reports a good time at camp.

Mr. and Mrs. Franklin Jones have moved on Winton Street in the southern part of the city.

J. S. R.

FANWOOD.

Miss Prudence Lewis braved the fog and storm of Monday to take the trip to Highland Beach.

Our matron, Mrs. Wilcox, has received a letter from Miss Agnes Craig, in which she says she feels very well, in fact, very much better than she has felt in a very long time.

Mr. John V. Miller, our accountant, is now taking a needed rest somewhere up the State. Of course, he will do the Exposition at Buffalo. He is not expected back till September.

Miss Margaret MacDonnell, tutor of the girls, is suffering from the strong light, because minus her spectacles for a week. The doctor ordered entirely new lenses and hence the wait for them.

Emil Mayer, a Fanwood graduate and for a year in the Introductory Class at Gallaudet College, has reached this city from Maryland, where he has been working on a farm since College closed. He will enter the Freshman class in the Fall.

Mrs. Mary E. Loeser, housekeeper, and Miss Josephine Kuhn, who has charge of the shirtmaking department, are sojourning for two weeks at the breezy Atlantic Highlands. At night they can see ships twelve miles out at sea by means of the revolving Highlands light.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick W. Baars, of Chicago, Ill., were callers on Tuesday evening. Mrs. Baars and her daughter have been in East Orange, N. J., since last May. Mr. Baars came East to take her home, but will spend two weeks with her folks before going to the Windy City.

Messrs. Robert E. Maynard and Anthony Reiff will take part in the games of the New York Deaf-Mute Athletic Club, next Saturday, the 24th inst. The former in the sprint and broad jump, and the latter in the pole-vault contest. They will no doubt give an account of themselves.

AN APPEAL FOR THE DEAF.

The Congress of the Deaf held this week in Kilmarnock brings prominently before the public the peculiar difficulties and obstacles that encompass deaf-mutes in the battle of life. The hearing public find it a stiff enough struggle at times, and when a man or woman has to face the world under adverse circumstances and surroundings, coupled with a deprivation of the sense of hearing, the handicap is undoubtedly a terribly severe one. It says all the more for the grit and moral worth of so many deaf-mutes that they have triumphed over all, and taken their place as useful members of communities: some indeed have taken prominent places in the country. The deaf have the sympathy of all sensible people, who themselves are dowered with the gift of hearing, but however valuable sympathy is, as an asset it ranks for very little. Practical aid is required to put the deaf in as desirable a condition as combined or individually powerful effort might accomplish. We cannot restore the hearing by miraculous acts, but much might be done to promote the progress and advancement of those people who are not so favourably situated as we are ourselves. There are obstacles in the way of the deaf now that might, and, in all justice, we say ought to be removed. The Government of the country spends a very considerable sum annually on the training men and women as teachers, they spend nothing in the same way on the deaf. More than that, the Government does not allow capable deaf-mutes as teachers. Surely this is a state of matters that ought not to be allowed to continue. Deafness is a great calamity, but it is not in accordance with reason that where it is really unnecessary we should further penalise the sufferer. Other things being equal, it seems to us that the deaf would make better teachers of the deaf than those possessed of hearing. A common sympathy alone would govern the relations of teacher and pupils as cannot be the case otherwise. There are institutions for the deaf in different parts of the country, but these are handicapped in their usefulness by the lack of that support which is indispensable. There is regretfully a large number of deaf-mutes in the country, and as things are now there is no room, no means of grappling with the needs of anything like the total number. The funds at disposal are inadequate for meeting the demands of the case. These institutions for the deaf, along with the missions specially devoted to the deaf, have done and are doing magnificent and noble work in the cause of humanity. They are educational seminaries that must commend themselves to all. They are helping the deaf to help themselves; by their instrumentality many are put on the road to respectable, honourable, and useful lives, and thereby indirectly the taxes of the whole community are saved from greater burdens. We know of no institutions doing more humane, noble, civilising, Christian work. We regret—ay, we deplore the fact that they are handicapped in their operations for want of money. In these days of National Education, vastly more ought to be done for the deaf, indeed, if any class more than another requires aid it is such as the deaf. Mr. Andrew Carnegie, of Skibo Castle, is princeps in his munificence, indeed, his gifts have made all the world wonder. He has given vast sums for libraries, he is assisting churches, and he has by one noble gift placed the universities of Scotland in a position that must make them the envy of Europe. Improvement, enlightenment, education seem to be the impelling motive of this great benefactor to his race. We honour him for what he has done, we are proud of advice, but is desirous of getting hints us to the disbursing of more generous benefactions, we heartily commend to him the position of the institutions for the deaf. In helping them he would do a grand and good work, and it would be in entire unison with his other generous deeds. There is none more deserving.—*Kilmarnock Herald* Friday, August 9, 1901.

The premonitions of conscience are always more valuable than its admonitions.

Pawnbrokers are the pioneers of progress; they are always ready to make an advance.

CHICAGO.

Through the Billows to Milwaukee.

NOW FOR THE PICNIC.

A Case of Assault.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

Yeo, Ho! The Pas-a-Pas Club was on the "rolling deep" step by step until the Christopher Columbus arrived at Milwaukee, rather late, at 3 o'clock P.M., Saturday. There were nearly 2000 souls on the wholeback, but only about forty of the big crowd were members and friends of the club, and they enjoyed the scenery along the shore and everyone looked happy. Only one and a half hours was allowed the pleasure seekers to see Milwaukee. Miss Hypatia Boyd was exchanging greetings with the Chicagoans at the dock, and "Chicago" expressed regret that he did not have a reporter talk with Miss Boyd. She is an up-to-date girl, and took the party into a soda-fizz place, and did not want any young man to help her liquidate; and thence to Juneau Park.

On the return trip Mrs. Colby opened the literary entertainment by reciting "Marching Through Georgia." Misses Smith, Knight, and Messrs. Rutherford, Carlson, Colby, White and Anderson each told stories. Miss Bauman was expected to recite "Yankee Doodle," but she failed to come on the boat, and Mrs. Colby filled her place. Miss Heggis, of Lemont, recited "Green Bank on the Wabash." At 10 o'clock the excursionists reached home in a happy mood.

A large number of the Knights Templar from Harvey, Ill., enjoyed the cool ride on the great boat. Our modest Grace Knight felt like a Chief Grand Commander of the day.

Miss Katie Neil came a long distance from Decatur, to take part in the Milwaukee excursion, but lost her courage at the dock, and said that she saw in the daily weather report which told of a coming bad storm, and was afraid that the wholeback would go to where the Chicago's fate was. But the storm fell by the way, though the great gulf storm came the next day, Sunday.

Mr. John Duffy's hat blew into the lake, and it took him a peek of trouble to buy a new one in Milwaukee.

Mr. William Thompson stopped over at Milwaukee for a few days. At the bottom of the cabin it cost him 25 cents a step to see a monkey.

Now, the next event is the Pas-a-Pas Club picnic on the 31st. Come, whether it is cold or hot, sunshine or rain. No postponement. It will be their last picnic for the season.

The Pas-a-Pas Club rose step by step steadily, until to-day it is one of the strongest and best known deaf clubs in the world. "Step by step" is its antique motto. The club has a fine body of intelligent and prominent gentlemen members, numbering about seventy, and is gaining many new members every month since the suspension of the initiation fee. The reason the club is becoming well known step by step, is that they stand united together to make the club famous. The occupations and professions among the members are as follows: Machinists, printers, carpenters, painters, hatter, engravers, teacher, and many other trades; one minister, one minister's assistant, one chemist and assayer, one author, one merchant tailor, one cashier, one in printing business, one in coal business, two bookkeepers, three foremen, one cigar salesman, one newspaper correspondent. The club always defends all the rights of the deaf, not only in Chicago, but of Illinois. Politics, intoxicants, and religious sectionalism are not allowed; that is its rule.

Comptroller McCann writes that his health is greatly improved. He is at Deer Park, Md., and announces his intention of staying there until his health is restored.

The two-weeks-old baby of Mr. and Mrs. Bertie Kreider died last week. Mr. Rutherford conducted funeral service.

Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Gotthainer moved to 3508 Prairie Avenue recently. Their son is in Gloversville, N. J., learning a trade with his uncle, Mr. Leff.

In a letter received from Paw Paw, the Sonneborn family read the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL and are happy. Henry and her little Benny and Grace spend much time in a bath of hot sand, and dust themselves just as hen and chickens do.

Miss Mary Huggs, of Lemont, is stopping with Mr. and Mrs. Gordon.

The Chicago Record-Herald of August 13th, says:

"Peter Heinz and John Pisha admitted to Justice Doyle yesterday that they had assaulted H. P. Lamb, and were fined \$5 each. All are deaf and dumb. The defend-

ants asserted that Lamb had slandered them. The Court room was filled with deaf and dumb friends of the principals in the trial, but all were silent, and the Justice says he would like to hear more such cases."

"Professor" William White was the chief actor of the pugilistic affray. He is very fond of detecting everywhere within the city, and it seems that he knows more than the Chief of Police does.

Mrs. J. J. Kleinhans left for Buffalo and Rochester Saturday. She expects to remain until September 15th.

Friends here send their congratulations to Miss Rose Prager on her engagement to Mr. Sol. D. Weil, of Buffalo.

"Pat" wants to know how "Smith" manages to live alone in a big house. Well, "Smith" is a Southerner, and the Southerners are fearless, and have black eyes and black hair.

Mrs. Charles Kerney is in Chicago, and she will kindly give a lecture before the Pas-a-Pas Club Saturday evening, August 24th.

The literary club of Gano people was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Schorr Saturday evening last. New officers were elected for the ensuing year. "Chicago" could not obtain the names of the officers.

Mr. Edward Kingon went to Paw Paw Lake Saturday, and returned on Sunday with his wife, Mr. Frank, and Miss Rhodes, who had been spending ten days with the Sonneborns.

CHICAGO.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

Sunday, August 18th, Rev. Mr. Dantzer had before him the usual small congregation of deaf-mutes in St. Paul's, among whom were Mr. and Mrs. Fremont Offerle, of Elgin, Ill., Mrs. Sabra Wilson, of Arcade; Miss Hattie Vanwey, of Fredonia; Miss Annie C. Kugeler, of New York City; and Mr. Fred Fawcner, of the Jacksonville, Ill., School, now working for King & Ackerman, photographer's supplies, on Main Street, this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Offerle have gone to Erie, Pa., and will be back here soon to take in the Pan American, and if date is known when they intend to come, a few of the deaf-mutes will be together to greet them.

Miss Annie Kugeler is here for two weeks, and would be glad to make the acquaintance of deaf-mutes of this city. She is boarding at 22 Harlow Place. She especially desires to meet her class or school-mates, if any.

Mr. Auld is now working all day and does his photographing in spare moments and Sundays, so those who have paid him need not lose any sleep. They will get their money or pictures as soon as he can do them. I guess it would be cheaper for him to return their 15 cents, as the pictures cost him more to make. Hereafter he will charge 25 cents. Those who have already paid him will get their pictures.

Chris E. Vernon will take orders for Convention or Teacher's photos for Alex L. Pach.

Miss Mary A. Carroll engineered a picnic of a private nature in honor of Miss Prager, which on account of the weather conditions of the day, nearly came out a failure.

It kept drizzling all morning but after one o'clock it began to pick up, and a few risked damp grass and weather, and had a merry time. The following were the picnicers: Sol. Weil and Miss Prager, Mr. Ula Cool, Geo. Parlor, Harry Glostein, of Brooklyn; Messrs. Haenzel, Schwagler, McCann, Misses Carroll, Laura Freiburger, Devine, Cecilia Cornue, Annie and Katie Knorr. James Auld was late at the grove, but on the return boat had the Knorr sisters for company.

Mr. Teghorn, of New Britain, Conn., is here on a visit.

Chas. Kessler, of Chicago, was here, and has gone to Rochester to visit his old folks.

Mr. Briel had his sister from Wellsboro, Pa., here. She did the Exposition and Falls.

CHRIS E. VERNON,
10 Harlow Place, Buffalo.

HOOSICK FALLS, N. Y.

Mr. and Mrs. John L. Connerton, of Troy, N. Y., had a very pleasant ride on their wheels on Sunday. They left Troy at 11.30 and arrived at Johnsonville about noon and visited friends. They left Johnsonville at 12.30 for Hoosick Falls, N. Y., and arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Edward C. Lortie at 4 P.M., where they spent two hours in pleasant conversation. Tea and refreshments were served by Mrs. Lortie, and at 6 P.M., Mr. and Mrs. Connerton started by a shorter road for Troy. It is supposed they arrived home in about three hours.

Mr. C. J. Milliman accidentally got hurt while at work last week. An iron bar fell on his left foot and he was obliged to stay home a few days.

Clayton, the little one-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Lortie, has been quite ill for a week. Mr. Lortie was also ill for a few days but both are better now.

The basket picnic to be held on Labor Day on the large lawn of the writer, so far promises to be a success. All deaf-mutes are urged to come and have a good time, as this will be the last opportunity to take in the low rates on the railroads west and north of Troy, and east of North Adams, Mass., for some years to come.

Mr. Alex Duseau, of Schuylerville, N. Y., has secured a good position with the Walter Wood Company, of Hoosick Falls, N. Y., and will move his family there some time in the Fall. He will be in the same department with the writer.

To Mr. and Mrs. John R. Becker, Mr. and Mrs. John Brownell and Miss Jennie French: Your friends here request your presence of a return visit on Labor Day.

Mrs. Nelson Allen and daughter Vina spent Sunday with Mrs. E. C. Lortie two weeks ago. They live in Clay Hill, N. Y.

The writer expects his sisters, of Troy and Whitehall, here Labor Day.

Mr. Ed Curtis took part in a vaudeville show held at Battlefield Park, a week ago, in the interest of the Bennington and Hoosick Valley R. R.'s concert, held there last week. He, as usual, made a big hit.

Mrs. Nelson Wilcox, the mother of Mrs. Lortie, spent Friday last week in Troy, the guest of the writer's sisters.

Mr. and Mrs. Milliman desire the presence of Miss Sophia Myers of Troy, Labor Day, also that of Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Burt, their brother and sister-in-law.

Owing to the strike of the shirt and collar factories in Troy, N. Y., the branch factories here are shut down for want of goods.

Work at the Wood Company will start up again in a few days, after a two months' shut down for the summer vacation of the employees.

August 18, '01. E. C. L.

The Older Girls Dropping Out.

"I never see you anywhere nowadays," some one remarked to an attractive young woman. "Do you never go anywhere now? You used to be the gayest of the gay. Why have you given it all up?"

"Because I am neither fish, fowl, nor good herring," she laughed. "I have no place in society. I ought to be married and have my own establishment, and I have not."

You see it is this way with girls whose people do not entertain much: The first year they come out they are feted and made much of and have a beautiful time. The next or two their glory pales a little, but they still feel it their prerogative to go about and have a good time. Then comes a period of toleration, which also lasts a year or two. This brings a girl to her fifth or sixth winter. If she comes out at 18, she will be about 24 or 25—still young enough to enjoy life, one would think, but society has had enough of her. She feels it herself very keenly. Her invitations grow fewer in number, her partners fall off, her father no longer pays for her ball dresses with alacrity, her mother's attention is absorbed by her younger sisters, who must now be considered and she feels that her day as a social butterfly is practically over.

"I wonder that those old girls try to hang on," I heard a callow youth remark at the last dance I went to. "Mrs. X. has roped me in to dance the cotillion with one of them. I should think they ought to know enough to stay at home, with all the others girls coming on needing partners." Fortunately I was not the 'old girl' he had to dance with, but it was one of my contemporaries, and I quite agreed with him. I think there is something undignified in keeping up the same old routine year after year, still anxious to get partners for the cotillion and supper at every dance and feeling all the time that the game is not worth the candle.

"For married woman it is different. They have their assured place, and if they enjoy that sort of thing there is no reason why they should not attend every function, but it is becoming more and more the fashion for young women of my age who are unmarried to drop general society. By that I do not mean social life. We go to dinners, theater parties, and once in awhile to some particularly smart ball; we have our warm friends and intelligent interests, but we decline to be society hacks, and I think we are right. Don't you?"

In Boston this habit of older girls "dropping out" is even more of a recognized thing. The woman at the dance of the smart set there are nearly all debutantes and married women; the girls of several seasons are conspicuous by their absence.

When an evil thought is trying to force itself upon your mind, the devil is knocking at the door of your heart.

The harder it is to require anything the longer we retain it.

Good fortune sometimes comes to see us in a very shabby looking carriage.

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NEW YORK.

Death of Mr. Gustave Fersenheim.

THE SILENT WORKERS' PICNIC.

News Items of Interest to Our Readers.

News items for this column should be sent direct to the DEAF-MUTES JOURNAL, Station M, New York.

A few words of information in a letter or on a postal card is sufficient. We will do the rest.

Gustave Fersenheim, well known in New York and Brooklyn for nearly half a century, died at his home in Bronx Borough, on Sunday, August 18th, of gastritis. Funeral services were held at his home on Tuesday evening, the 20th, at 8 o'clock. Rev. Dr. Chamberlain officiated. The parlors were crowded with friends of the deceased, among whom were the following: Mr. and Mrs. Juhring, Mr. and Mrs. James Russell, Mr. and Mrs. Philip Tobin, Mr. and Mrs. Souweine, Mr. and Mrs. Redmond, Mr. and Mrs. C. Q. Mann, Mr. and Mrs. Blakeman, Mr. and Mrs. Boswell, Mr. and Mrs. Amandus Henning, Mrs. Chamberlain, Mrs. Buhle, Mrs. Zepp, Messrs. Thomas F. Fox, Edwin A. Hodgson, Theo. A. Froelich, Geo. L. Reynolds, Jacques Loew, Frank Senior, Aymerick, Rumpf.

The remains were laid in a cloth-covered casket, with silver trimmings. A magnificent floral cross, over six feet high, was placed at the head of the casket. It was contributed by the clerks of the New York Post Office.

One of the features of the funeral service was the singing of "Calvary," and "One Sweetly Solemn Thought," by Miss Daly.

The New York Times of Tuesday contained the following, concerning Mr. Fersenheim:

"Gustave Fersenheim, the little old deaf and dumb man in the Federal Building, who was down on the pay roll as a clerk, but whose principal self-imposed duty was to feed and preserve order among the cats in the cellar, is dead. He died of gastritis on Sunday evening at his neat and comfortable little home, on the third floor of 663 East One Hundred and Forty-eighth Street, after a very brief illness.

"The cats in the cellar of the Federal Building were not the only creatures who missed him yesterday. There is a parrot at his home, now thirty-two years old, which has refused to eat since the old man died, because he was the one who always fed it. The care of animals was Fersenheim's fad, and the fact that he had been to Singapore when a young man. He never tired of the sights he saw there when he met those who could understand what he said with his fingers.

"Fersenheim, who was seventy-eight years old, became an employee of the Government on July 1, 1870. Somehow he always chose a residence far out toward the suburbs of the city. He did not parade his love for animals, in fact, tried to hide it when he could. So he found that the early hours of the day was the time when the fewest men were about at the Federal Building. His time for reporting for duty was 7 o'clock. In order to get time to attend to his cats, he had to leave his home very early; since he has lived in East One Hundred and Forty-eighth Street, as early as 5 o'clock. But he was astir much earlier than that, because it was necessary to get his liver and bits of meat ready for his feline boarders, and to feed the parrot.

"At the Federal Building his duties as a clerk were considered a side issue by the numerous clerks there. He was known principally as the 'dumb cat feeder,' and without the slightest suggestion of derision, for everybody recognized the kindly nature of the man. There was only one thing which they had against him. He had everybody in the building burdened with kittens. He could not bear to drown them, and something had to be done with the numerous progeny of the cat. Occasionally, too, his feline pets got into mischief, and their doings into the papers. That caused a good deal of pain, for he feared that they would be taken from him.

"Some years ago the thing he feared so much happened. The cats became such a nuisance that one day, by the order of the powers that be in the Post-Office Building, a wagon arrived with an agent of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals and nearly all of Fersenheim's pets were done away with. From what was left, however, a family of thirty felines now mourn the absence of the man who never forgot them.

"Fersenheim came to this country from Germany in 1860. As soon as the law would allow he be-

came a citizen of the United States. He married twice, the second time not more than six years ago. In his domestic life there is an interesting story, too. He loved a girl with whom he spent much of his childhood, and who also was devoid of the power of speech and hearing. They became separated. One day when they had both grown old, and had lost their respective partners in life, they met by accident in Dr. Gallaudet's Church for the Deaf and Dumb. Fersenheim was then seventy-two years old and his sweetheart of early days fifty-eight.

"The marriage of the couple, both unable to hear or speak, created awkward conditions in their housekeeping. The parrot which had been many years in the possession of Fersenheim was utilized to aid them in one predicament. It was taught by friends of the couple to say 'Come in' when any one knocked at the door. In order to apprise the host and hostess of the approaching visitor it was taught to fly toward the door also.

"Fersenheim became ill on Friday evening last. He would not consent to lie in bed. He had learned to express a few words through a course of lessons which teach the dumb to use their lips. He became wonderfully skillful in this regard toward the end, and expressed the fact that he was dying at the last moment by saying so that everybody could understand him, 'I am done.'

The picnic of the Guild of Silent Workers, held at Fort Wendel on Saturday, August 17th, was a disappointment to those who attended.

Less than a hundred were present, and in the sultry hours of the afternoon no entertainment of any kind was provided, and recourse was had to desultory conversation. The games scheduled did not come off, the bowling alley was closed, and the rifle range and merry-go-round kept the shutters down and the canvas closed. There was no music, no dancing; nothing in the way of merriment. As a result, much grumbling ensued, and the park was vacated at an early hour. The prizes that had been purchased for the games were sold to individuals, except one. This exception was for the potato race, the solitary contest run off on the pavilion by ladies. The prize was captured by Mrs. Galland.

There is a money profit, chiefly from the "Souvenir Journal," and if the Guild can experience any satisfaction from the profit wrung from the public by such a parsimonious policy as was this time followed, its friends do not share in it.

Another matter was the unjust discrimination in giving tickets of admission to those who could ill afford the price. Several worthy deaf-mutes were denied admission, and as they could not stand the expense, had to go home again.

The public is prepared to pay steep prices at Church fairs, to tolerate glass floats in the lemonade—that the expense of ice may be eliminated; to be satisfied with a strawberry or two at the festivals; and to hunt vainly for the luscious bivalve at the oyster suppers in aid of charity;—but when a picnic is announced, a good time is expected, and unless a more liberal policy is pursued at future picnics, the Guild will get scant encouragement in the line of attendance. *Verbum sat sapienti.*

Mr. Max Miller was a surprised man last Sunday afternoon, when, seven or eight boys filed into his pretty flat on 82d Street, and he demanded the meaning of this wholesale invasion, and then it dawned on him that it was his birthday. Much to his sorrow, Mrs. Miller, for once, did not take him into her confidence. At six o'clock a bountiful supper was served, and Mrs. Miller and her bosom—or buxom, as you would take it—friend, Miss Sarah Stein, were assiduous in their services. When coffee was served, Mr. Sam. Frankenheim arose and made a little address in which he recited the past deeds of the hero of the evening, but warned his auditors that Mr. Miller was somewhat of a sharp at anything that counts fifty-two and needed close watching. He then drew out a new silver watch and announced that it was but a poor evidence of their friendship for him. Among those present were M. Korngold, S. Frankenheim, A. C. Bachrach, Simon Hirsch, Jr., H. C. Kohlman, Sam. Lowenherz and A. L. Marks.

Early Tuesday morning a swarm of hornets settled on the lowest bough of an apple tree that shades the back porch of the Maynard homestead in Yonkers, and in a jiffy had up a conical shaped paper house. Since then the whole household has endeavored to oust them, by light and by night, to no avail, for no sooner was one nest torn down than the bees swarmed to the bough again. The battle is still on, and meanwhile all ingress and egress by the rear of the house is shut off while the family are holding a council of war.

Thomas Reilly, brother of the genial John C. Reilly, died suddenly on July 20th last of kidney trouble, though more due to the terrible heat at that time. He was a well-known character on lower Amsterdam Avenue, and an influential politician. Many of his deaf-mute friends attended the funeral, which was very large. Mr. Reilly has the sympathy of New Yorkers on the loss of so estimable and kindly brother.

The Reflex Camera Company's factory in Yonkers will close down for ten days on August 23d, so that all hands may have a vacation. Albert Hockstahl, who is employed therein, will utilize the ten days in a trip to Rochester and Buffalo. He starts Friday night direct for Buffalo in a Hudson River Railroad sleeper. His superintendent and wife will be his companions on the trip.

Writing to a New York friend, Prof. Johann Heidsik says he has just received the photograph of the famous banquet given in his honor at the Endicott a few years. He commends the skill of Pach in getting such a fine picture under adverse circumstances. Prof. Heidsik is still a great advocate of the Combined System.

The Evening Telegram rates Taylor as a close second to Mathewson, who is regarded as the best pitcher in the League. Taylor has played in more games against the strongest clubs of the League. On Wednesday, the New York Journal says "he made the ball do everything but talk."

The picnic of the Deaf-Mute Athletic Club at Maspeth, L. I., on Saturday, the 24th, promises to draw a large throng. The games for prizes will be worth seeing. They begin at 2:30. Read directions in another column, also particulars in the advertisement.

Mrs. Harris denies that she made a "kick" at the decision in the egg race, at the Brooklyn picnic. As a matter of fact, the runners very often want to umpire their own races, and in this case it is refreshing to know that at least one of them had nothing to say.

Geo. W. Leitner pitched his first game at the Polo Grounds on Thursday afternoon, and the newspapers praise his work. The score was 3 to 2 in favor of Boston. Leitner has been signed by the New York League Club.

Fred. W. Baars, of Chicago, is spending three weeks in this vicinity, with his wife and child. He is a composer and has a held a lucrative position with the Chicago University Press for ten or twelve years.

Don't forget to see the ball game on August 31, between the Xavier Deaf-Mute Club and Holy Cross Lyceum, at 137th Street and Amsterdam Avenue, at Jasper Oval. The admission will be twenty-five cents.

Mrs. Frank Roberts is in Bridgeport, Ct., visiting Mr. and Mrs. Beers. She was in East Hartford, at the home of her sister last week. She will not be at home in New York until about September 1st.

Miss Ida W. Williams, of Brooklyn, is visiting her sister Mrs. Frank E. Karselen, 165 Lenox Avenue, Manhattan, where she will be pleased to see her friends. Her afternoon at home is Friday.

Josie Goldman, of Middletown, Ohio, was in this city for about three weeks. He spent some of the time at the seashore, and left for home last week. He is doing a good business as a florist.

Mrs. E. Souweine will spend the next three weeks in Ulster County, and Mr. Souweine will spend Saturday and Sunday with her, taking train or boat for New York on Monday mornings.

Two visitors were entertained at the rooms of the League of Elect Surds on Thursday evening. They were George W. Leitner, of Baltimore, and John H. Geary, of Syracuse.

Frank Konzelman went on the steamer "Angler" Saturday last, to the fishing banks off Long Branch. Luck was poor, but he hooked two large hump-back sea bass.

Miss Blanche Keitel, the fiancée of A. L. Marks, is stopping with the latter's parents in Hyde Park, N. J. Mr. Marks will leave for that place on August 24th and stay until September.

Henry Miller has lately joined the Union League, and will represent that organization on the athletic field. He is a young man of fine physique, and will do himself credit.

Messrs. Williams, of New Haven; Hine, of Waterbury; O'Keefe, of Wallingford; and Beach, of Branford, Ct., expect to witness the games at Maspeth, L. I., on Saturday next.

Henry Krueger, an ex-Union Leaguer, and Miss Forsyth, a deaf sister of Frank Forsyth, a member of the Union League, will be married on September 28th.

Ben. Elkin had the misfortune to get his finger crushed in the job press at which he was working, in the printing establishment of Piser & Russell, a week ago.

Messrs. Probst and G. F. Marshall, of Bridgeport, Ct., will be at Maspeth next Saturday. Afterwards they will go to the Pan-American Exposition.

Mr. and Mrs. Donovan, Mrs. Yankauer and Peter Redington, were at Sea Gate, L. I., last Thursday, and spent several hours bathing in the surf.

Mrs. McManus and son have gone to Asbury Park, to stay until September 15th. They are guests of Mr. McManus' parents, at their cottage.

Mr. and Mrs. Heyman have returned from a three weeks' sojourn in the Catskills. On Monday they left this city for Plymouth, Pa.

Samuel McCarthy, of Providence, R. I., will spend a week in this city, and will attend the picnic and games on the 24th.

Miss Ethel Perry and her mother went to Hill Grove, R. I., last week, and will not return to New York until October.

Rev. Dr. Gallaudet is booked to sail from England on Saturday next, and is due at New York on September 3d.

John H. Geary was in the city last week. He left on Friday, his destination being somewhere in the West.

A sister of Miss Ruth Hirschkind died last week, and our sympathy goes to her in her deep bereavement.

George E. August and sister have gone to Atlantic City for three weeks.

Slips of the Pen.

QUEER ERRORS PERPETRATED BY AUTHORS WHO KNEW BETTER.

When Mr. Anthony Trollope pictured Andy Scott as "coming whistling up the street with a cigar in his mouth" he not only proved that he had never made personal experiment of the double feat of smoking a cigar and whistling a tune, but he was unconsciously following in the steps of still greater writers who made their heroes do amazing and impossible things.

Those who remember Robinson Crusoe may recall a most wonderful feat of this hero of childhood. When he decided to abandon the wreck and try to swim ashore he took the precaution to remove his clothes, and yet by some strange magic, of which the secret has been lost, the author makes him, when in this condition of nature, fill his pockets with biscuits.

The great Shakespeare himself had a peculiar facility for making the impossible happen in his plays. One of the most remarkable of these feats occurs in the fifth act of "Othello," when Desdemona, after she has been duly smothered by the Moor, comes to life again and enters into conversation quite rationally, even inviting a generous falsehood to shield him from the consequences of his crime before she decides to die. The improbability of a person recovering consciousness and speech after being smothered, and of dying after performing such a feat, scarcely needs pointing out.

Shakespeare, too, had a trick of introducing the most glaring anachronisms—so glaring, in fact, that there is more than a suspicion that they must have been introduced consciously for some unknown reason. For instance, he makes a clock strike in ancient Rome at a time more than a thousand years before clocks were invented, when such an event would certainly have been the eighth wonder of the world.

Quite regardless of the evidence of geography, he transports Bohemia to the seaside, and he introduces a printing press long before the days of Gutenberg. He calmly introduces a billiard table to Cleopatra's palace, and makes cannon familiar to King John and his barons.

Thackeray was no mean rival to Shakespeare in vagaries of this kind; but in his case they appear to have been the result of pure carelessness and forgetfulness. The most flagrant case, perhaps, is where, after burying Lady Kow and effectively dismissing her from the story, he brings her to life again to help him out of his plot, and in his capacity for mixing up the names of his characters is as confusing as it is wonderful.

Emil Zola, in spite of his carefulness, makes the astonishing statement in one of his novels (Lourdes) that the deaf and dumb recovered their hearing and sight, an event which savors very much of the miraculous.

The moon has innocently been the cause of much blundering on the part of authors. Wilkie Collins in some mysterious fashion, made it rise on one important occasion in the west; Rider Haggard in "King Solomon's Mines" contrived an eclipse of the new moon for the benefit of his readers; and Coleridge ingeniously places a star between the horns of the crescent moon as she rises in the east.—*Tribute.*

The Finland Deaf and Dumb Alliance is arranging for an exhibition of work by the deaf in the city of Helsinki.

OHIO.

Two Receptions to Visiting Friends.

WEDDED TWENTY-FIVE YEARS.

Personal Mention.

[News items for this column may be sent to our Ohio News Bureau, care of Mr. A. B. Greene, 903 Franklin Ave., Columbus, O.]

Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Minor, of Independence, Missouri, were visiting relatives in this city part of last and this week. They left home early in July and have been with relatives most of the time down at Chillicothe, Ohio. Their stay here was rendered very pleasant to them and both are loud in their praise for the receptions tendered them. Miss Olivia Bruning chaperoned them in seeing the leading points of interest about the city, Saturday. Saturday evening, Mr. and Mrs. James Allen, at their home, entertained them, at which were present Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Greener, Mrs. B. Stewart, Miss Prentiss, Mrs. Robert Patterson and Miss Bertha Patterson. Monday evening Miss Olivia Bruning gave a reception in their honor, at which were present Mr. and Mrs. Minor, Miss Prentiss, Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Atwood and daughter Lois, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Greener and daughter May, Mrs. Ella Zell, Mr. Ernest Zell, Miss Ethel Zell. There were games during the evening and light refreshments were served, the time proving very enjoyable to all. Sunday, Mr. Minor was taken up to the Home for Aged Deaf. The beauty of the place, the well kept and comfortable rooms of the inmates was an eye opener to Mr. Minor. He had no idea the Ohio deaf had done so much for their less fortunate people. Of the new barn recently erected there, he thought it was good for a hundred years. Mr. Minor is well-to-do. He owns a well-stocked farm of 450 acres besides owning an interest in his town. He started out as a printer in his earlier years and is well acquainted with the "art preservative." By the way, Mr. Minor enjoys the distinction of having been a prisoner of war during the late "unpleasantness" between the States. One morning, while he was watching the firing between the contending forces, he happened to get within the lines and the next thing he knew he, with others, was taken prisoner, by some Union scouts and marched off to the pen. Although deaf and dumb and only nine or ten years old, his cries and pleadings to be allowed to go home were without avail. Fortunately the Union general in command had formerly boarded with his parents, and when his case was brought before him he was allowed to go home. His mother had been unaware of the predicament he had been in, and when informed her surprise may well be imagined. While the Union army was in the neighborhood the property of his parents escaped the ravages of war, so he told us. Mr. and Mrs. B. O. Sprague called on Mr. and Mrs. Minor, Monday, having become acquainted while Mr. Sprague was a teacher in the Kansas School, and talked over Kansas and Missouri matters of times past. Mr. and Mrs. Minor left Tuesday afternoon for St. Louis and from there will return to their home later.

Miss Louise K. Thompson, a former teacher here but now in charge of the Oklahoma School for the Deaf at Guthrie, is a guest this week of Mrs. Ella Zell. Thursday evening a dinner was given in her honor by her host, at which were present Mr. and Mrs. Atwood and daughter Lois, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Greener and daughters May and Gussie, and Miss Bessie Edgar. After the repeat conversation and the game "State Abbreviations" were indulged in. In the latter, sheets of paper each having seven questions were distributed among the guests and fifteen minutes allowed in which to write answers to same. No one was able to give the correct answer to all. Miss Thompson came within three and was awarded the prize, a box of Lowney's candies, while Mrs. Atwood came in with the booby prize, a bundle of stick candy.

Yesterday was the silver wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Robert P. McGregor. They celebrated the event in a quiet way by an evening dinner, having for their guests Mr. and Mrs. Bush, and Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Greener. Later Miss Gussie Greener, Miss Bessie Edgar, and Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Charles called to pay their respects. They were quietly married August 16, 1876, at the home of a sister of the then bride, Miss Porter, at Cumberland, Md. They have had four children born to them, only two of whom are now living, the oldest, Bessie, will graduate from Gallaudet College next year, the other, Nettie, being a member of

Junior Class of the Columbus High School. May Mr. and Mrs. McGregor live to celebrate their golden wedding anniversary.

Mr. Alva Long was here again Sunday, the guest of Miss Ethel Zell. He had been in Cleveland a week, where he met several of the Gallaudet co-eds and other deaf. He is a teacher in the North Dakota School for the Deaf.

Miss Kitty Munnell left Sunday morning to visit with her parents, near Mansfield, but will return to attend the reunion.

Messrs. Warren Albert, John Brochok, Willie Mayer and Henry Mudary, who have been employed about the Institution since the close of school, were relieved Saturday, as there was no more work for them to do. They returned to their respective homes the first of the week.

Miss Douglas, who has been with Mr. and Mrs. Atwood for some time, has gone to her home for a vacation. Miss Nora Patterson has gone to her home to recuperate for a while. Mrs. Joseph Leib and children returned Saturday from a two weeks' visit with her parents up in Hardin County. Mrs. Elmer Elsey has also come back from the same county, where she had been for a month or so with her parents. Her hubby is the more glad, for now he can enjoy home-cooked meals.

George Black is now taking his vacation and is spending part of it in northeastern Ohio, and from there will go down to Washington County and visit his home.

Mrs. Jones, of the Home, has had put up 120 quart jars of blackberries this season, besides a lot of jellies and other fruit. For a year or so they have had a dog at the Home, but about two weeks ago he failed to show up and it was thought some farmer shot it. Strange enough, a few days after the canine's disappearance, a water spaniel pup made its appearance and has since been staying there. As the little fellow is quite intelligent it is hoped he will stay. Rain up there has been very scarce for a couple of months, and the garden produce will be almost a failure unless relief comes.

Miss Alice Prouty, one of the employees of the bindery, goes and comes to her work twelve miles each way, her parents having recently moved up to Worthington.

A. B. G.

August 17, '01.

BLIND, DEAF AND DUMB HE DIED OF A BROKEN HEART.

WHEN FIRE DESTROYED ALL HIS TOOLS SPRAGUE LOST ALL AMBITION IN LIFE.

POUGHKEEPSIE, August 18.—William H. Sprague, who died in the Gallaudet Temporary Home last week, was the victim of a broken heart at the age of fifty-five. For twenty-five years he had been deaf, dumb and blind. Yet the things he accomplished under the handicap that nature had placed upon him were remarkable.

Sprague was born in Sullivan County. In his boyhood he had a severe attack of scarlet fever, which completely destroyed his senses of speech and hearing. He grew up a deaf-mute. His eyesight failed, and just before he attained his majority he became totally blind.

Soon after the Gallaudet Home for Deaf-Mutes was established at New Hamburg the case of Mr. Sprague was brought to Dr. Gallaudet's attention, and he was admitted to the Home. He was then forty-two. He had not been long in the Home when he showed a talent for making boxes, cabinets and other useful things out of wood. He was so skillful with the hammer and saw that a set of carpenter's tools was given him, and for nearly ten years he turned products that astonished every one. He was especially skillful in carving, and one of his feats was to carve medallions of Washington, Lincoln, and a few other famous men, from likenesses that he remembered seeing before he lost his sight.

He built a contrivance which enabled him to write readily and rapidly, and also an entire loom, at which he would sit for hours at a time weaving rag carpet, which he either sold or used in the Home.

One cold night a year ago last winter, the Gallaudet Home was burned to the ground, and many of the inmates narrowly escaped with their lives. Every thing that Sprague possessed was destroyed by the flames—his trinkets and his treasures, his loom and all his tools.

For days afterwards he seemed stunned, as if he didn't realize what had happened. Friends offered to buy him new tools so he could start all over again, but he declined every offer of this kind and refused to talk about his life before the fire.

It was apparent to everybody that he was mourning for the things that the flames had swept away. Every day he became weaker, and it was obvious that grief was slowly killing him. Two weeks ago he took to his bed and never left it until they carried him out a corpse to the little graveyard on the property where the old home stood and where the new one is to be built.—*New York World.*

PARADISE OF THE PURE-ORAL METHOD.

A DEAF-MUTE SAGA.

[The following neat and amusing piece is the composition of Mr. Gosta Wiberg, and appeared in the 5th number for 1900 of *Tidning for Dofstamma*. It caused great offense to *Nordish Tidskrift for Dofstamma*, the Oral organ, but was ably defended by Mr. Gunnar Fondelius. We have re-written it as well as we could at short notice from Mr. Nils Kjelberg's rough literal translation.—*British Deaf Monthly.*

Wearily heavenward
Two souls ascended,
After much wandering,
Reaching its portal.
Knocked they and waited
Till the gate opened,
Disclosing St. Peter,
Warden of heaven.
Out came St. Peter,
Putting his questions
Thus to the nearer:
"What have you learned, sir,
During your earth life?"
"Herring, potatoes,
But only a little,
For sore was my sickness
Ere I came hither."
Coughed then St. Peter,
Full of amazement:
"What, my good fellow,
Did you not hear me?
I was not asking
What you had eaten,
But what you had *learned*."
"The Bible, the Psalter,
And Biblical history;
The Short Catechism
According to Luther."
"Stop! Stop!" cried St. Peter,
"Again you misheard me:
My question had nothing
To do with your reading,
But what you had *LEARNED*.
Down hung the head of the
soul in confusion,
"Only," he mumbled,
"The Pure-Oral Method."
"Oh!" cried St. Peter,
"Indeed, I am sorry,
I can not admit you.
Too many already
Pure-Oral failures
Have I the care of,
Plaguing my life out."
Weeping, the spirit
Dumbly departed.
Then Peter proceeded
To question the other:
"What were you in earth-life?"
The soul answered shortly:
"A Pagan, a heathen."
"A what?" cried St. Peter,
Half-closing the portal;
"A heathen! Indeed, then,
You can't be admitted—
But stay yet a moment!"
He said, when the spirit
Was turning to leave him:
"What was your vocation?"
"Oh, I was a joiner."
"Hm, hm," murmured Peter,
"I might let you enter
If you would agree to
Erect a partition
Dividing this heaven
Into two equal portions.
In one could be penned up
The Pure-Oral failures,
No more to disturb us
With horrible noises.
But sit down inside
And list to the angels,
I'll go to the Master,
And ask his opinion."
The gate he then opened
Enough and no more
To let in the spirit,
Who sat down and waited.
On Peter's return
He was greatly astonished
To see the poor spirit
Writhing in torture
On the gold pavement.
"Hello! What's the matter?"
Shouted St. Peter,
Raising the soul up:
"I thought 'twould delight you,
The song of the angels."
"The song of the angels?"
The soul echoed wildly:
"Ah, hm, could I hear it?
This terrible howling
The Pure-Oral failures
Are making about us
Is all I could hear.
Oh, how could I bear it
For ever and ever?
Oh, prithee, excuse me;
No heaven for me, thank you!"
So saying, he abruptly
Withdrew from St. Peter,
Slipped out of the gateway,
And swiftly departed.
St. Peter, bewildered,
Scratched his head vaguely,
Raising the dust
Of nineteen odd centuries.
Deeply he sighed, and closed
heaven's portal.

The Finnish Parliament has rejected a proposal for a State-paid chaplain for the deaf of Finland. It has also refused State aid to the Swedish paper, *Tidskrift for Dofstamma*.

The following appeal is extracted from an English Church paper: "Old man, lame, deaf, epileptic, desires situation. Will any Christian take him for a gardener?"—*Hartford Post, August 12th.*

DIED.

Mr. Gustav Fersenheim died Sunday, August 18th, aged 78 years. Funeral Tuesday, August 20th, 8:30 P.M., at 603 East 148th Street, New York City.

Alice Lee Tyler, daughter of C. E. and Lucy W. Tyler, on Saturday, 17th inst., at Westfield, N. J.

BRITISH POSTAL SYSTEM A MODEL.

THEY HAVE HOURLY COLLECTIONS AND DELIVERIES IN LONDON.

In one feature of the public service the British are far ahead of us, and that is their mail deliveries. From any point in London a man can write a letter in the morning and get an answer the same day, and if not too far off he can do the same in the country, depending, of course, upon the promptness of the person to whom the letter is addressed. This rule will apply anywhere within 100 miles of the Bank of England. There are hourly collections and hourly deliveries in all parts of the city, the business as well as the residence quarters. The average number of deliveries in cities of over 10,000 inhabitants is fourteen a day. Within the city limits a letter is carried by the ordinary mail service about as promptly and as rapidly as a telegram with us.

There is a letter box at every corner. A person mailing a note at 9 o'clock is sure to have it collected before 10 in the morning and delivered at its destination anywhere within the limits of London before 12, and if the reply is posted before 7 he will receive it within three of four hours at the farthest. This quick postal service has been a great obstacle in the way to telephones. There are probably fewer telephones in London than in any city of the United States. Many people do their marketing by post. My lady makes out her list between 8 and 9 o'clock, writes it on a postal card to her butcher, baker or grocer, and the goods are delivered before noon.

The parcel post deliveries are quite as prompt, the rate of postage is low, and the service is extensively used by merchants for small packages. London is so large that the ordinary delivery wagons would be slow and expensive. Hence a merchant finds it cheaper and more convenient to pay the postage, and there is a basket in every shop to receive parcels intended for the mail. Boys weigh them and put on the stamps, take them to the nearest box or postal station at frequent intervals, and they are always delivered the same day, and often before the purchaser reaches home. If you go into a book store and buy a magazine or an illustrated paper it is customary to request its delivery. The clerk writes your address upon a wrapper and passes it over to a lad, who wraps it, puts on the stamp, takes it to the mail box at the next corner, and within an hour it is on its way to your house.—W. E. Curtis, in the Chicago Record Herald.

TOO YOUNG FOR FAME.

In commenting on certain works of art, a writer said recently: "It seems to me a bad sign for an artist to put forth excellent work in his early youth. He has no future then; he has nothing more to hope for; and, besides, he is likely to age permanently and to die young. Stephen Crane, for instance, who wrote 'Maggie' at nineteen, 'The Red Badge of Courage' at twenty-two, and died during the summer without having strengthened his name appreciably in seven or eight years. The Marquis de Sade was a mature and vigorous man at the age of twelve. But the most wonderful case of premature development and premature decay is of in the French Academy for 1729. A boy of six years was five feet seven inches in height, had a strong beard, a deep bass voice and physical strength. At the age of eight he was partly bald. At ten his beard and his scanty hair were gray, and his teeth were decayed. Palsy seized him at eleven, and he died of old age before his twelfth birthday. Whenever I hear of a premature genius, an Aubrey Beardsley or a Crane, I think of that boy"—Philadelphia Recorder.

Photographs.

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Rev. John Chamberlain, D.D., Assistant General Manager, 587 West 145th Street, New York City.

Mr. E. A. Hodgson, DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York City.

Mr. F. L. Selinay, Deaf-Mutes' Register, Rome, N. Y.

Rev. C. Orris Dantzer, 11 Mason, Street, Rochester, N. Y.

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or to the undersigned, 112 West 78th Street, New York City,

THOMAS GALLAUDET,

General Manager of

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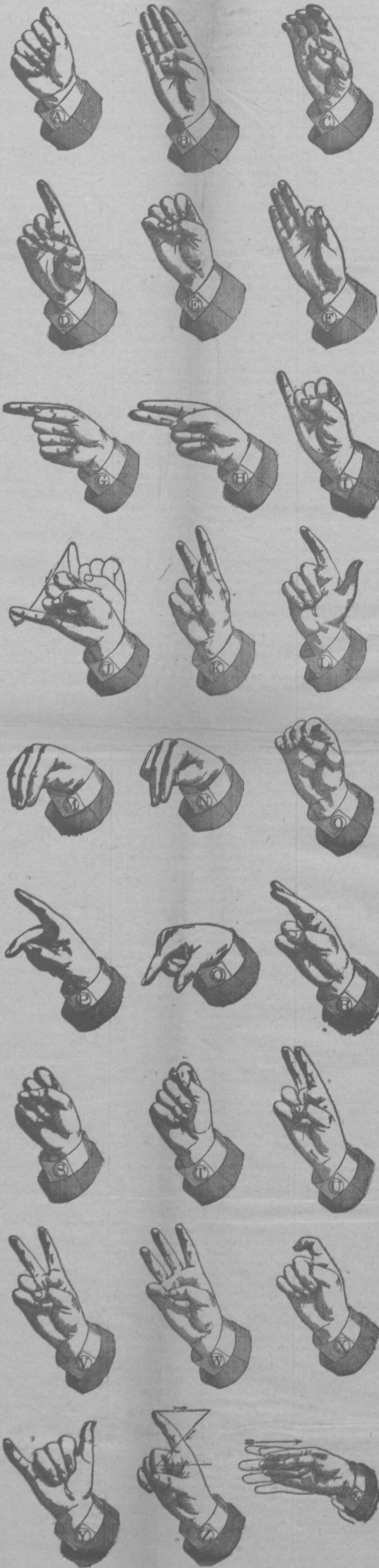
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